OOKWORM INTO NATURALIST, By Donald Culross Peattie

The Saturday Review of Literature

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DOUGLAS MILLER's book ought to be on the desk of every businessman in this country . . . *(See page 7)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Bookworm into Naturalist

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

IN the home of my boyhood, books welled up through two stories and oozed even into the attic. Piled there were the juveniles with which my sister and brothers were done, with *St. Nicholas* for years back, *Chatterbox,* a most immoral set of trots for three years of high school Latin, Japanese fairy tales on cloth, and a family doctor book.

A break-neck flight of stairs led down to the bedroom floor; books marched along the hall and crowded into every bedroom too. The stairs down to the drawing room were wide and easy; beyond and behind the latter lay the heart of the house—the library. This room was walled with books half way to its beams that were driftwood from some old wreck.

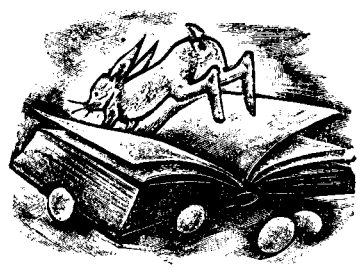
If environment could make a writer of a youngster, I should have been producing my first publications at a tender age. This was a house where writing was the business of the day, and of the night too. The peck of my mother's typewriter sounded from her sunny room from early until late; in the evening my father went down to his work on the paper. He came home on the owl train; on Friday nights he always had a long black satchel full of books for Mother to review. Other late commuters were gnawed by curiosity. At last one put the inquiry: What was it that he carried every Friday in that bag? Father, keeping one elegantly trousered leg over the other, rolled a cigarette. "My burglar tools," he answered with grave courtesy.

For twenty years my mother, in the highest tradition of criticism, reviewed books. They poured into the house every week; they filled the many-nooked library to the number of five thousand. Not that Mother gave place to anything that did not earn it. Worthless books she burned, and taught me to; she would no more have passed them on than she would have made charity out of decayed canned goods.

It was my father who was the bibliophile, who bought books for their choiceness, because they were curious items, had beautiful bindings, were delicate duodecimos (he ever tended that way, not toward folios) or because they bore odd imprints. He had books in languages he could not read, and books he read in but seemed careful never to finish. Habitually he gave at a time from ten minutes to an hour to a book, slipping it back then and taking out another. He was a man who never in his life smoked a cigarette to the butt, and he smoked all day; he told jokes constantly, and they were seldom more than two sentences long. Sipping, tasting, compressing, varying, he knew his classics; many a page I found turned down, many a paragraph marked. Those books of his I have are filled with annotations in the margin, for he had the old copy-reader's habit of correcting errors, automatically; mispelled names, inverted dates, were irresistible to his thick soft pencil.

My mother read even more copiously, insatiable all her days for story. She brought to books both an ardor for the romance of life and an unfailing broad morality; in her view, art was responsible, as the one witness from whom nothing was concealed. She took art lightly otherwise, made household word of it; the cook might treacherously leave us in a huff, and Mother would remark, " 'Let the galled jade wince. *Our* withers are unwrung.' " And my father, from behind his Amiel, briefly agreed that " 'more was lost on Mohács field.' "

Books, in our family life, had their place in the middle of things; I remember my mother's getting up from the table to go and get Villon, when he appeared to be both apt and unrecognized, to read aloud his scandalous and deathless measures over the supper tea cups. It was long past my bedtime



on the night when my father discovered I had never heard "The Ancient Mariner"; he promptly found it and, sitting on the edge of my bed, read it all to me. Then there was that snowy Sunday morning when he took me to the couch before the fire and opened a book that began " 'Tom!' No answer. 'Tom!' "

So it was natural enough that, at the beginning of things, I wrote. All my paper then was gloriously blank before me; no manner was too grand. Poetry, of course, was best if it was done tragical; the earliest lines of my own to stick with me now, begin, "After all is sorrow, sorrow—tears today, no hope tomorrow!" At ten I came upon a Roman legend that struck me as offering material for a magnificent tragedy. I wrote out my play in a large bad hand. My family was ready to listen, not with any deaf indulgence but bringing me the compliment of serious consideration. I read aloud the title, and brought down the house. Amid the peals of laughter, my father went to the Shakespeare shelf and took down a volume that, I saw, was titled like my own. "Coriolanus."

To fall absurdly because I flew so high was not a thing that dashed me, or I would not have sprawled so many times as I grew older. In high school, inky grandiloquence still was coming easily. One final June day I won a scholarship to the university in English literature, owing to a facile familiarity with the Lake Poets and the Brontës; it was the worst-spelled paper, said the judges, that they had ever seen. But I signed for no English courses that fall, or ever. "Themes" I knew to be the opposite of what editors want, and mine was a house where publication was considered the initial criterion of worth.

But increasingly, as I grew older, I knew how little I had to say. Looking into my heart, I found nothing there but some tremulous adolescent emotions which I saw it would be better to outgrow. It was all too easy to spend ardor on the great works of other men. I had been happy among their

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muses, their tragedies and comedies, pictures, architecture, and music. But I had no such mistress of my own. Without, I now was hungry, empty, gone astray. What it was I wanted, and where to look for it, I had no notion.

For, from that book-filled house the approach to Nature was only through a love of beauty, a pleasure in wonder, an interest in the curious and historical. These paths did not lead far. My sister early taught me to repeat by heart "The Cloud" and "The Daffodils" and "Ode to Autumn"; a born medieval in her exquisite devotion, she would never have thought to worship as I do now. My mother told me about Aristotle because she adored all greatness, and about Darwin because she loved his challenge to revealed authority. From my father I had heard something of Linnaeus, and how he named all the flowers in the then known world, and in Latin at that. Father himself had a mind to analyze and catalogue, and a tremendous respect for foreign languages of which he could speak none. He was always buying books on Italian, French, or Spanish, books whereby you taught yourself. Wistfully he would try them out, only to give up in sudden fatigue and put them in his children's hands, with a dry remark that it was for us he'd got them anyway. If he had not been born into a world too narrow, if he had not had to work too hard for other masters, I think my father could have found great satisfaction in science. Instead, he toiled to let his sons find them, the eldest as an engineer, the next as a geologist and geographer. Myself, I was at twenty still a restless mental mugwump.

And now the old home came to an end. My eldest brother had long ago left it for one of his own; my second brother was off for the war, my sister had gone the longest of all journeys. So when his paper sent my father to New York as correspondent, the house was emptied and closed.

Months after we had left it, I went to say goodbye. My parents then were managing to fit their spacious life into three rooms on Ninth Street in New York; I had stayed behind to finish out the college year that followed my attempt at newspaper work. That quarter I was taking Coulter's course in systematic botany. Coulter had been a pupil of Asa Gray himself, and the book I had under my arm, when I went out to look our old home over for the last time, was Gray's "Manual." May was ending, as were my student days—so I supposed, for in a fortnight I was going east to join my parents and hunt for a job of some sort in New York.

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The house had been standing empty and shut up all winter; it was colder inside, much colder than the gentle day without. The moving men had taken out every stick, and brooms had swept clean after them; even the hearths were brushed bare to the old fire bricks. Only squares where pictures had been remained on the walls. Between its dainty fluted pillars the front drawing room looked cleaned and swept for guests who would never come, nor would the triple-gilded mirror or the Virginia settee ever be moved back. In the library the driftwood beams looked down; the floors gleamed softly, naked of rugs. But nothing was so utterly absent as the books. The shelves, the open shelves, had been built into the house; they were still there, like the shelves in a store that has been sold up. And I could have put my hand out and touched the spot where "Manon Lescaut" had stood, and "The Amber Witch," "The Third Circle," all of Balzac, the rows of "The Yellow Book." Over the cold hearth the Gothic letters spoke: "O YE FIRE AND HEAT, PRAISE YE THE LORD."

I went around, trying doors and windows, for it was my responsibility to see that the house stood secure. I was the last of the family to quit it.

Behind me the door shut fast. I went out into the rambling wide yard, over the uncut spring grass beneath the tall oaks that I had always known. But I did not know them; it came to me, with Gray's "Manual" in my hand, that I had never known them at all. Two had been cut down, and the others were marked for felling, for most of this tract had been bought already and houses were to be crowded on it. The city was shouldering its ugliness close. This sweet May day was outgrown. An era was over when there was plenty of time, and money enough, and you could still put off making up your mind. The world was at war, and I was twenty; and my father was working too hard in New York. Time for me to get to work, then. No time left to learn.

Except the oaks. I wanted to salute them, once, by name before I left them. Standing beneath their old green boughs, I opened my book and with a forefinger went tracing through the keys and their descriptions. These trees, whose burning garnet autumn foliage, whose fringed and top-shaped acorn cups I had known so long, whose yellow inner bark of twigs my teeth had discovered early, now were proved to me by these evidences to be black oaks. *Quercus velutina.* They became fixed for me, like stars. Let the axe take them. They were in their place.

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Fascists at Work

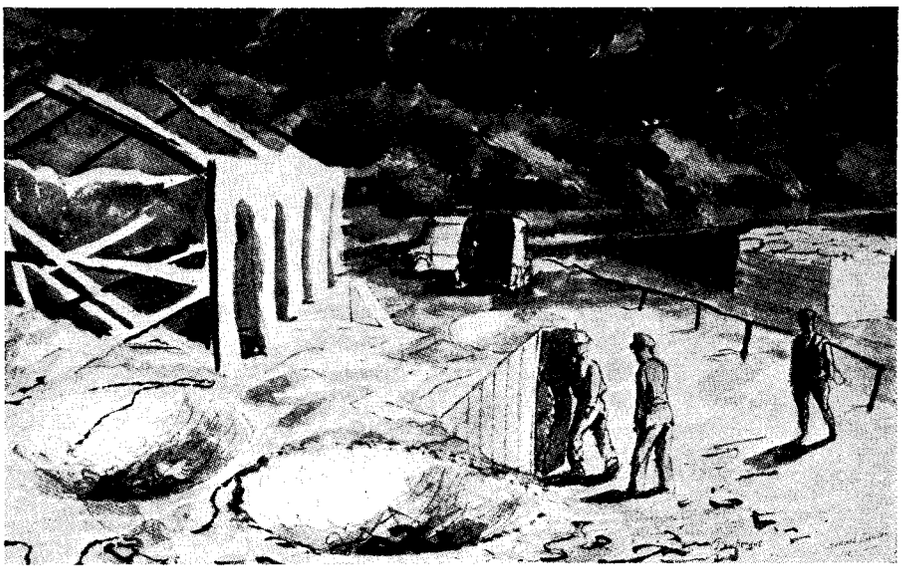
SPURS ON THE BOOT. Italy Under Her Masters. By Thomas B. Morgan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1941. 355 *pp. and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

FEW events in this war have been more spectacular than the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Whatever the outcome of the conflict, the Fascist government will never live down its humiliating defeats in Greece and Africa and its demotion from partner to office boy in the Nazi firm. The background of this extraordinary development is described by a veteran Rome reporter for the United Press. From the comic opera days of d'Annunzio to the outbreak of another world war, Mr. Morgan lived in Italy, observing and interviewing the royal family, the Fascist leaders, and the humbler citizen. He collaborated with *Il Duce* in writing "My Twenty-four Hours," and often visited the Mussolini household. Perhaps few American reporters have had such long and intimate relations with the leaders of modern Italy.

As an informal, digressive, and often superficial narrative, "Spurs on the Boot" makes good reading. Mr. Morgan is a delightful story-teller, whether he is being smuggled into d'Annunzio's Fiume, watching Hitler make his first appearance in Italy, or describing Mussolini at his first State dinner. The story of Mussolini's early attempts to live up to his high office and to become a gentleman *à la anglaise* is most revealing, and the narrative of the dictator's relations with Margherita Sarfatti gives another aspect of his character. One outstanding chapter gives an original and illuminating picture of Virginio Gadya, the "Charlie McCarthy of Fascism" who has a profound understanding of propaganda in many countries, including the United States. King Victor Emanuel, usually hidden in obscurity, emerges as a man of vast learning who would be good at "Information Please."

Despite these many personal glimpses of Fascists at work and play, Mr. Morgan too often merely scratches the surface in a most disappointing fashion. While he describes effectively many of the leaders of Italy's armed forces, he offers little explanation for their poor showing in the past years. He hardly touches the larger economic and social issues involved in Fascism. In a chapter on the Vatican and its attempt at a rapprochement with Fascism, which is good as far as it goes, he whets the appetite but offers little substantial fare. His book gives a first-rate account of the "spurs," but little about the "boot."



"The Quay at Dunquerque," by Edward Bawden. From "Britain at War" (Museum of Modern Art).

Evacuation from Dunquerque

THE NINE DAYS WONDER. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 60 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by THOMAS W. LAMONT

IT was twenty-five years ago that John Masefield, for ten years past the Poet Laureate of England, wrote his unforgettable tale of Gallipoli. It was an epic tale. It was a story of valor, of heroism, of glory. But the ending was a defeat and withdrawal. The setting was of the wine-dark seas that lapped the nearby shores of Troy. The heights were those along which twenty-four hundred years ago had sailed those hundreds of triremes that gathered at Xerxes's command to sail down the west coast of the Aegean Sea and finally, engaging a dauntless Athenian naval force, to find resting place under the waters of the Bay of Salamis.

Mr. Masefield's "The Nine Days Wonder," the evacuation from Dunquerque of the British Expeditionary Force (together—as is seldom realized—with over 123,000 of the French troops), is a tale equally vivid and as appealing as the classic Gallipoli. It, too, is a tale of disaster and withdrawal. But not overwhelming disaster, and the Masefield recital is a moving one, filled with stirring episode, of gallantry and achievement in the face of desperate odds.

These fifty brief pages, painting the picture of the long black lines on the sands of Dunquerque and of the heroic rescues by hundreds of craft from warships to row boats, have already been admirably covered by many competent reviewers. Yet I, a layman, venture to point out particularly the beauty and the spirit of the little-quoted verses that serve as benediction at the end of the volume. There are four sets of these verses, in varying thought and metre, all inspiriting, all lovely. Here is one of the stanzas from those inscribed "To the Seamen":

> Through the long time the story will be told;
> Long centuries of praise on English lips,
> Of courage godlike and of hearts of gold
> Off Dunquerque beaches in the little ships.

And here are eight vivid lines touching upon the brief life of "A Young English Air-Man" who dies in beating off the German bombers from the crowded Dunquerque shore:

> Six months ago today you put off bird
> To gleam as ion in a nation's will
> To save the ruined friends and then lie still,
> Spring never to be touched by summer's word.
>
> Often unseen by those you helped to save
> You rode the air above that foreign dune
> And died like the unutterably brave
> That so your friends might see the English June.

But perhaps it is in his lines entitled "Thoughts for Later On" that Masefield gives us best a glimpse of his own far-seeing mind. He is looking forward and is speaking of the time at long last when the bombings cease:

> Then, peace will be but ruin, unless Thought
> Of how the peace was purchased be in mind,
> Of how, to buy it, men are lying blind
> Under the sea in ruined wreckage caught;

(Continued on next page)

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Thinking of them, and those who
rode the air,
Or shogged the Flanders plain in
Belgium's aid,
Or stood at Cassel with the grand
Brigade,
Peace may be filled with beauty
everywhere,

If, with each purchased breath,
we vow to give
To Earth the joy they never lived
to live.

Those last two lines, those are the conditions, those the only hope whereby the world may attain substantial peace, whereby mankind may again live the life of freedom.

We know not what may be in store for us Americans. Shall we dare wait in the hope that our "breath," our ultimate life and safety, will be "purchased" by the never-say-die British, by the spirit of those who rise above the torn and tortured streets of London? Or shall we be realistic enough to know that only through our own complete effort and sacrifice can "purchase" be made? In either event it will remain true that we Americans shall never benefit but momentarily by that purchase unless in the post-war world we stand ready to pay our share of that price. That price can never be met in terms of isolation, but only in those of common cause and close coöperation with all the freedom-loving peoples of this earth. Without such coöperation, never shall even we in the Western hemisphere gain economic or political peace.

That, then, is a business man's interpretation of a poet's war and peace aims. John Masefield, with all his poetic imagery and feeling, yet has a shrewd and sound knowledge of the things that men live by. Yes, those high aims can be attained but only—

If, with each purchased breath,
we vow to give
To Earth the joy they never lived
to live.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OPENING LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are the opening lines of ten world-famous poems. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points if you can name the poem, and another 5 if you can recall the name of the author, a score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 12.

1.
Oh, to be in England
Now that April's here. . . .

2.
To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. . . .

3.
My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears. . . .

4.
Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote . . .
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages. . . .

5.
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!

6.
Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a Shaft of Light.

7.
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain . . .
How often have I loitered o'er they green. . . .

8.
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea. . . .

9.
Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

10.
A thing of beauty is a joy forever. . . .

Design for Biography

HERE AM I. By S. J. Woolf. New York: Random House. 1941. 374 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

IT was appropriate that Samuel Johnson Woolf should become the Boswell of the Sunday *Times*. Born behind Nottingham lace curtains in the New York of the eighties, a world he describes with a good deal of vividness and charm, Woolf had long since won reputation as an illustrator when, in 1927, he drew Shaw's portrait, and wrote an account of the meeting which was published with the drawing. Out of that experiment came Woolf's contribution to journalism, the word-and-picture interview. "My life for the last ten years," he says, "has been a hodge-podge of interviews,—seeing a baseball hero one day, a college president or an aviator the next."

The gist of those conversations is in this book, along with some thirty portrait sketches,—Elsa Schiaparelli, Walt Disney, Rabindranath Tagore, Henry Ford, John Masefield,—"men and women," the blurb assures us, "everybody has heard of, but whom they will know intimately after being introduced to them in these pages." Not intimately, for deadlines and an hour or two snatched from a celebrity's calendar do not make for profound characterization. Wisely, the seasoned journalist conveys in words, as in his deft highlights and crisp charcoal modeling, whatever has arrested a keen eye and a retentive ear.

One enjoys these surface portraits for what they are, with occasional revelations of what lies below the surface. Mussolini, sketched on a day of ceremonial arm raisings, pauses to wink at the artist. Arthur Henderson, looking like a middle-aged mechanic dressed for a party, declaims that class interests must be abolished, and bangs his fist for emphasis on a copy of Burke's "Peerage." The sculptor of innumerable nudes, George Gray Barnard, forbids his daughter to attend a life class. The great Sir Arthur Keith platitudinizes that "after all, man is essentially of the heart rather than of the head." And Otto Kahn, in the midst of a discourse on the cultural future of America, lets fall a couple of stock market tips which Mr. Woolf failed to translate into action. Had he done so, he would have lost his shirt.

Oliver Larkin, a frequent reviewer of art books in our columns, is a member of the Department of Art at Smith College.

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Trading with the Nazis

YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH HITLER. By Douglas Miller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1941. 229 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. SHIRER

FROM 1933, when Hitler crawled to power, until shortly before the war, Douglas Miller, a Rhodes Scholar from Denver and a much travelled man, sat in our Embassy in Berlin as commercial attaché, and on behalf of American trade tried to do business with Hitler. He was an intelligent, resourceful, and shrewd man and he tried hard. In the days of the Weimar Republic, the United States had done a great deal of business with Germany. We furnished almost all of its cotton, most of its oil, and about half of its fat imports. We sold Germany a great deal more than we purchased. Mr. Miller, egged on by our businessmen, tried to continue this state of things with the Nazis. But it wasn't possible. Why? Mr. Miller gives the answer in this most timely book: "You Can't Do Business With Hitler."

It's a book that ought to be on the desk of every businessman in this country. As Mr. Miller says in his Preface: "There is one group in America which has not been adequately brought face to face with the facts. I mean American business men." It is not the only group. Mr. Lindbergh and his America First friends also do not appear to have been brought face to face with the facts. They too could learn from this book of the folly of trying to do business with Hitler. So could all the rest of our appeasers.

Mr. Miller is quite content in his book to let the facts speak for themselves. He gives the facts about what happened to American investments in Germany, to American firms and factories which strove to carry on in the Third Reich. They make an absorbing tale.

There was the American oil company, for instance, which had to take eight million German mouth organs in payment for its petroleum. There was an American manufacturing concern which in exchange for a large press for making automobile bodies was forced to accept 200,000 canaries. And even a shrewd Hollywood firm could get no better terms than a live hippopotamus as part payment for a motion-picture film.

"Other firms," says Mr. Miller, "have taken patents, participations, processes and stock as part payment on unpaid bills; but there are still outstanding large sums, much of which probably means total loss."

It isn't that the Nazis can't pay their debts. Mr. Miller cites the instance of the German government suspending interest payments on bonds held in the United States until the market price falls to very low levels—such as five cents on the dollar—and then quietly proceeding to buy up the bonds. The author gives a number of other examples and concludes—quite rightly—that the Nazi method of doing business is the gangster method.

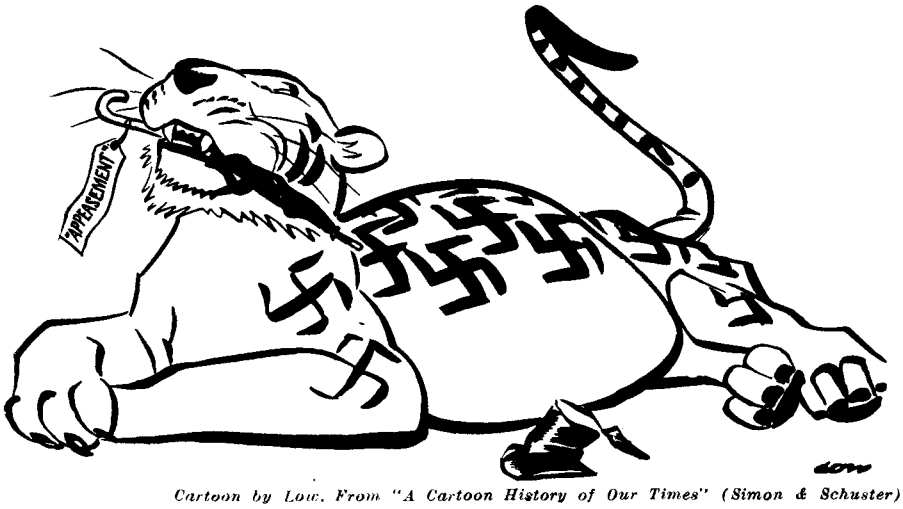
And if Hitler wins and does set up his so-called new order? Mr. Miller, unlike Mr. Lindbergh, sees absolutely no hope for American trade in such a world. For one thing, he argues, Hitler could undersell us anywhere because of his cheap, slave labor. And he relates how the Nazis in South America have done business for nothing for the sake of political advantage. But if we tried to do business at all with the Nazi dominated world, Mr. Miller is sure that it would require strict control by our government not only of our foreign trade but of our domestic economy as well—the very thing which men like Mr. Hoover and Mr. Lindbergh say they fear.

Curtiss P40's: Ready for business with Mr. H.

Mr. Miller is not only a very able economist, but a student of history as well. In fact in my time in Berlin he was undoubtedly the best informed man in our Embassy on all aspects of life under the Nazis. And he makes some generalizations. He believes that "the day we declare war will be the day the Nazis know they are beaten." He has some shrewd comments on German character and he relates with glee the remark of a high German officer who pointed to the Swastika on his uniform and said: "I have already sworn at different times to be true to death to three regimes—the Kaiser, the Republic, and Hitler. I wonder how many more different oaths of loyalty I shall have to take before my life is over." But Mr. Miller agrees with most observers of the German scene that as long as Hitler is successful, he will have the mass of the German people behind him.

And in conclusion Mr. Miller does not let his orthodox economic theories blind him to the fundamental fact that regardless of who wins this war, this world of ours will never return to the old system of private trading and laissez-faire economy which was supposed to exist up to 1914 and which fought a losing fight for existence in the two decades after the first World War. He regrets the passing of that economic world but he thinks the free peoples, if they win, and if they have vision and courage, can work out "in some form of international cooperation" a world in which men will still think it worth while to live.

William L. Shirer is the author of "Berlin Diary."



Cartoon by Low. From "A Cartoon History of Our Times" (Simon & Schuster).

When business tried to make appeasement do the work. . . .

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of Literature

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THE NON-BELLIGERENT

MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE does not appear to be politically minded. In his published works no attitude to any contemporary issues can be discerned, except for an occasional trace of something that could as well be anti-Hollywoodism as anti-Semitism. His books, of course, are hardly the place for political matter, and those who know him personally may be familiar with a political consciousness of which the general public is unaware. But it seems doubtful. To let oneself be captured by German tanks at a cocktail party indicates an unawareness of what is going on that is worthy of the Earl of Emsworth.

Nevertheless Mr. Wodehouse, no doubt in all innocence, has suddenly become a political figure. Released after a year from the Silesian internment camp where he seems to have been very comfortable, thanks to the Red Cross packages sent by his wife, he turns up at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin as the guest of the German government, having been allowed the free run of the country. The Nazis do not do this sort of thing out of sheer bigheartedness. Wodehouse will make weekly broadcasts to the United States "by arrangement with the German Foreign Office," and already he has begun to sing for his supper. He says that he is to discuss only personal experiences, not politics; and his first broadcast was innocuous enough, on the surface. Nothing in it could attract attention except his remark that "I wonder if the kind of people and the kind of England I write about will live after the war, whether England wins or not."

Well, of course they won't; for the simple reason that they died in the last war. The England of Wodehouse's novels is Edwardian England, the England in which he was young; and it is perhaps the supreme achievement of his craftsmanship that he has been able to give it a sufficient illusion of contemporaneousness. But that remark of his, which could have seemed to merest commonplace to Wodehouse, means something else in Berlin; and may mean something else to people who hear it on the air from Berlin. Win or lose, the old England is passing away—the England that was so comfortable for the people who could afford to live in Blandings Castle (now soon to be sold for taxes if they can find a purchaser) or in flats at the Albany; what is the use of fighting for it if it is lost anyway? Or if there is perhaps still some small hope of saving it, provided the war does not last too long, why not see if Hitler wouldn't negotiate a peace that would save the stately homes of England, at whatever cost, to such foreigners as Poles and Czechs and Dutchmen? So some few people may reason; and the skilled psychologists of the German Propaganda Ministry know it, even if Wodehouse does not. The appeal may be limited, the results may be small; but every little bit helps and it is worth trying, for the modest investment of one man's room and board at the Adlon.

No doubt Wodehouse was glad to get out of his internment camp, relatively easy though his life appears to have been. No doubt every one of the twelve hundred Englishmen who were locked up with him would have been glad to get out too, but if any of them was released we have not heard of it. Presumably none of them has the value, particularly for broadcasts to the United States, that inheres in a best-selling novelist. Concentration camps are not so comfortable as internment camps; a good many people never leave them alive, and those who do are apt to come out in no physical condition to do any broadcasting, no matter how much the German Foreign Office might want them to. Nevertheless there have been men in concentration camps—Germans, as well as Czechs and Poles, and probably Dutchmen and Norwegians too—who could have bought their way out, but who preferred to let themselves be beaten to death, slowly and excruciatingly, rather than do anything to help the enemies of their country and of human liberty. To some, such stubborness may be incomprehensible.

Mr. Wodehouse also gave an interview to the United Press, which quoted him as saying that "I have never been able to work up a belligerent feeling." In this, he follows plentiful precedent. Twenty-two years ago the Nazis were only a small and obscure group in Bavaria; they became the masters, successively, of Germany and of Europe because not enough people were able to work up a belligerent feeling in time; they may go farther still, thanks to the amiable if chuckle-headed persons who don't see why anybody (except the Nazis, of course) should work up a belligerent feeling. Doubtless it would have been unwise for Wodehouse to profess too much belligerency, and he may have been merely answering a reporter's question; but there is no law against a man's keeping his mouth shut. Yet he went on to say, "Just as I am about to feel belligerent about some country, I meet some nice fellow from it and lose all my belligerency."

If the Nazis have any gratitude, that remark is worth room and board at the Adlon for life. What nice fellows they are, after all! What a happy world this would be if everybody else would only stop feeling belligerent, and exhausting Hitler's patience, and plotting aggression against peaceful Germany! And if Wodehouse didn't know that that was the implication of his remarks (an implication that would have been obvious even to Bertie Wooster) the men who let him out of the internment camp knew it. Meanwhile, he has put his fellow-countrymen to shame; for it must be confessed that there are men, and women, in England who feel belligerent. Men and women who have seen their children trapped in their blazing homes, thanks to the bombs dropped by these nice fellows; who have spent days or weeks at sea in open lifeboats, with the people who die of exposure tossed over board to the sharks; who think that the old England held certain values besides the life typified by Blandings Castle, and know that those values

(*Continued on next page*)

Witness

Anne Young

WINGED Victory
Of Samothrace,
Far-kindling vision,
A flare of peace,

And Purcell's music
Of banners driven
To race the flamboyant
Winds of Heaven,

And Heliotrope,
Its smouldering sweetness—
These to the fire
Of the Spirit witness.

These and their kind
With innocent rhythms
Pledge that glory
Under all atoms

In this our dust. . . .
Abides the dread crucible
Whose live coal touches
To flame incorruptible.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Teaser Investigated

SIR:—In the answers to the Literary I. Q. questions in the *Saturday Review* of June 7, the story that Achilles dragged Hector's body round the walls of Troy is attributed to Homer's "Iliad." Yet one would look in vain for this legend in Homer. In the "Iliad," Achilles drags Hector's body (1) from Troy to the Greek camp, (2) three times round the unburied corpse of Patroclus, (3) three times daily round the tomb of Patroclus. The story of dragging round the city walls is found in Vergil, ("Aeneid" I, 483, *ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros*), and probably has received currency from this reference; but it was also known to Euripides, "Andromache," 105.

SIDNEY N. DEANE.

New Haven, Conn.

Quiz Evangelist

SIR:—Victory at last! For the first time since reading the *Saturday Review of Literature* during the past year, I received a perfect score on the Literary I. Q. Quiz. Please don't change it. To make it more simple, would spoil our pleasure. Why not two quiz columns each week, one for us, and one for those who like to take things easy?

E. FAITH WERNER.

Chicago, Ill.

De Maupassant Material

SIR:—For a number of years I have been acquiring from all parts of the world material relating to Guy de Maupassant. At present the collection constitutes perhaps the most extensive source of Maupassantiana in existence and includes numerous items to be found at none of the primary research centers such as the Bibliothèque Nationale, British Museum, Library of Congress, New York City Public Library, and the Harvard and Columbia university libraries. Beside biographical and critical studies of Maupassant, the collection includes first editions of all his works, collected works, English translations, editions prepared for the classroom, dramatic adaptations of his works, copies of "Gil Blas" (where many of his tales first appeared), hundreds of pages of notes on studies that appeared in newspapers and periodicals, and other miscellaneous material.

The research activities of many American scholars are at a standstill because European collections are inaccessible in time of war. In view of this situation, I am taking the liberty to place, through the medium of your publication, my entire collection at the disposal of students and scholars.

ARTINE ARTINIAN.

Columbia University,
New York City

"This one has a special surprise ending."

(*Continued from preceding page*)

would not survive defeat. But maybe they would all change their minds, if they met such nice Germans as those who accidentally happen to encounter a world-renowned novelist.

In other countries, too, there are people who are so lacking in taste as to feel belligerent. Dutchmen who saw thirty thousand men, women, and children massacred in Rotterdam by German bombers, *after* the city had surrendered; Serbs who saw Belgrade, open and undefended, turned into a vast cremation for the living as well as the dead; Czechs who saw their sons shot and their daughters raped for daring to attend a funeral; Poles dying of methodical starvation to make room for the extra Germans who are being begotten by government order, in and out of wedlock, to justify the demand for more Lebensraum. But possibly Wodehouse, in his internment camp, never heard of these incidents of current history. There seems to be quite a lot that he hasn't heard about.

While he was locked up, he whiled away his time by writing a book—the usual sort of book, he says modestly, about the usual sort of people. But it ought to be more than usually worth reading, to see how many ideas of this kind may have seeped into it. They might be there without Wodehouse's quite realizing it, any more than he realized that German tanks might turn up at a cocktail party. He may have thought he would be safe there in any case, because he could not see what use the Nazis could possibly have for an elderly novelist. But they are smart fellows as well as nice fellows, great utilizers of all sorts of apparently waste material. "From each according to his abilities" is their motto; and they know that people who would be impervious to Lord Haw-haw might be softened up by the creator of Jeeves.

E. D.

Brown Into Blue

SIR:—I have just finished reading Somerset Maugham's "Up at the Villa," and was much amused by an error which surprisingly enough seems to have escaped the attention of everybody who works at turning out a book.

In the first description of the English gentleman who asks the heroine to marry him, about page 10, he is described as having brown eyes under bushy brows, and when he returns from England some three days later, about page 170, his eyes are described as a keen blue. I wish Mr. M. would let me in on the secret. I have always wanted to change my cold grey eyes for a pair of the warm brown melting kind.

GERTRUDE C. BENNETT.

Great Neck, N. Y.

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"Pastel Portrait"

TROTT. By André Lichtenberger. The Island Workshop Press Co-op, Inc. 1941. 245 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER'S forty-year old story of a little French boy has an undimmed freshness and charm. It is the picture of an extraordinarily sensitive boy. Trott's sensibilities are almost morbidly acute, but there is a little bit of him in every child, and for that reason everyone should read this book. It is made up of childhood remembered and childhood observed, a fusion that has permitted a singularly delicate and penetrating insight into a child's soul.

Perhaps only Katherine Mansfield, in "Prelude" and "At the Bay," can remind us as surely and as vividly as André Lichtenberger, how it feels to be a child. It is true that Trott's exquisite moral perceptions, his almost too ideal goodness, his sense of pity, his awareness, his logic, set him apart as a rare and special creature, certainly in many ways unlike the average child of today. He is above all a French child of a particular time and type. But while André Lichtenberger sometimes seems to translate the obscure perceptions of a child into complete articulateness, one can never question the perceptions themselves; Trott, in the beginning, and more and more as the book goes on, is a very real little boy.

The world seen through Trott's eyes seems to us now a very gay, happy world—and his little circle, quaint and charming as the illustrations of a French novel of the nineties. There is the "pretty Mama," the Papa, with his beard and the brass buttons of his naval uniform, the beach at Nice and the sea, the sunshine of the Riviera, the big Alsatian Nounou, the little dog, the baby sister. And yet, far away as this world must now appear to us in its peace and brightness, it is still our world, and always, underneath, there is the threat of shadow and danger. Trott, like all children, knows it, too, dimly, intermittently, terrifyingly. Not only in a child's reaction to the minute details of life, but also in his subtle telling of the haunting fears that come now and then to all children, does André Lichtenberger show the depth and truth of his observation. Trott's obscure suffering when his parents quarrel, his dim sense of the sadness of life when Thérèse, the old cook, tells him her story, the vague, sorrowful forebodings before his father's departure, are infinitely true pictures of the inchoate shadows that can darken children's minds.

Myron Brinig

More real, more vivid even than Trott, is the baby sister. In a very slight degree Trott is a romantic, ideal conception; M. Lichtenberger has somewhere said that he has in him a bit of David Copperfield. In the earlier pages, dealing exclusively with Trott, the book is sentimental, with an old-fashioned French sentimentality that reads less well in translation than in the liquid syllables of the original —it is, as Dorothy Canfield Fisher remarks in her introduction, a "tender pastel portrait." But, as Mrs. Fisher goes on to say, in the portrayal of Mlle. Lucette, Trott's baby sister, there is only a lucid, a pitiless, a positively scientific truth;—Lucette was drawn from Lichtenberger's own baby, and this comprehensive and immensely entertaining picture of a baby is the result of months of minute day by day observation and records.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 379)

MILTON:

TO MR. CYRIACK SKINNER

Eyes—bereft of light—
. . . . . What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience . . . to have lost them
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
overplyed.
. . . . . .
This though might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

Becky Sharp, 1941

ALL OF THEIR LIVES. By Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 518 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

MYRON BRINIG has written another robust, full-blooded novel which will win many admirers among those fiction-readers who consider the plain but somewhat subtle stories of Robert Nathan, Wallace Stenger, Millen Brand, etc., thin and unsatisfying. There is nothing subtle (except, perhaps, Dora's last remark) or tantalizing about "All of Their Lives." Although not as deep as a well, it is wider than a church door, and almost achieves an epic sweep. The scene shifts from the Middle West to Boston to New York to New Mexico—the Santa Fe country is curiously like Greenwich Village expanding and flowering into a *fête champêtre*. The characters are numerous and each is introduced, in a quaintly old-fashioned manner, with detailed information concerning his past and complexities of his character. Although a long novel, it is a lazy reader's novel, for the author does everything—there is no occasion to wonder, to conjecture, to question; one can relax completely and follow the absorbing narrative.

"All of Their Lives" is the story of a Midwestern Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley whose lives cross and crisscross through the years from their high school days to the crashing finale, and Becky wins all the victories—except the last. Lavish attention is bestowed upon the minor characters, the most memorable of whom is gentle Dora's wonderful and fearful mother, a blowsy, overripe, female Falstaff. Her vulgarity and near-nymphomania shock her demure and idealistic daughter into a sex-phobia that all but unfits her for life and marriage. The novel is so punctuated with sultry passages that only by the most emancipated fireside may it be risked as family reading.

The writing is quite uneven. At its worst it sounds like a gushing high school journalist free of tutorial restraint; at its best, as in the unforgettable description of a wealthy Jewish family and the account of Flavia's illness and death, it is excellent. Brinig has not yet freed himself from his fondness for the cliché and the sentimental, and he often generates tumult and shouting rather than real power. There is a rich vein of humor, and the satire is broad and unmistakable. The fact that Dora's various distresses seem pathetic rather than painfully tragic will endear the novel all the more to its many readers.

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J. P. Marquand's Tales of Two Cities

THAYER DONOVAN BISBEE

BECAUSE John P. Marquand writes for *The Saturday Evening Post,* it has not been recognized that he is a Boston chronicler in the tradition of Hawthorne, Holmes, and Howells. A chronicler, that is, of the follies of second childhood rather than of the adolescent silliness of Elsie Venner, of the fall rather than the rise of Silas Lapham, and of the last stages of that inward canker which Hawthorne saw in its early workings in the Puritan heart and mind. Like Hawthorne, he is accused of fouling the nest that sheltered him, because his wit is not as pleasant as Dr. Holmes's nor his touch with the scalpel so light, and because he writes with corrosive acid rather than with Howells's Best Boston Bootpolish. Marquand, like Hawthorne, has violated the great Family Compact, and is viewed with alarm by the better preserved pillars of the Bostonian Mutual Admiration Society as they echo the old refrain: "We nothing mean or common did." But the decline of Boston is so far advanced that Mr. Marquand finds his warmest admirers among some old Bostonians who are flattered even by unflattering attention. It is ironic to a degree that his pictures of Boston life should be hailed with delight in the hereditary pages of the *Atlantic,* while the spokesman of the new Boston, William Cardinal O'Connell, condemns them roundly in a gangplank sermon and the harps twang discordantly in the Boston City Council at the latest affront to Ireland's greatest city. The spectacle would have given William Apley apoplexy, but he would have died happy, being vindicated in his judgment.

Mr. Marquand has answered with a resounding affirmative the plaintive query, "Does a man eat the thing he loves?" The secret of his success as a popular satirist—and the measure of his failure as a great one—is the fact that he loves his Boston as much as Howells ever did, though he sees it through bilious-green rather than rose-colored glasses. He loves it so much that the satire is sometimes indistinguishable from apologia. As he lays open the Bostonian anatomy with skillful scalpel—for he has served as rigorous an interneship as modern letters affords—he gets equal satisfaction out of studying healthy and unhealthy organs, on which he lectures to an eager audience, many of whom feel a sympathetic twinge as the probe lays bare some new organic oddity. To exhaust the figure, medical students master anatomy in two years, and even the most skillful demonstrator is hard put to startle them after that. One cannot go on indefinitely dissecting with loving care a series of rather fragrant cadavers to any advantage except that of tyros, particularly when the subjects offer the same set of variations from the norm.

This medical truism is offered as a critical explanation of Mr. Marquand's decreasing artistic success in his demonstrations of the *species Bostoniensis* since his admirable book, "The Late George Apley." There are other explanations, of course: Apley was the last of the Puritans still running true to type, though shorn of his useful functions and his traditional role by the changes in Boston life and the thinning of the Brahmin blood. But the Wickford Point people—with the exception of the narrator, who significantly makes New York his working headquarters—are all degenerate specimens of what was once a great type but now has gone to seed, and they make no attempt at leading useful lives. They are lost souls, and the measure of their abjectness is that they know it and don't particularly care. It is enough for them merely to be Brills. Harry and Kay Pulham are model citizens of the modern Brahman type—Mr. Marquand can hardly be accused of loading the dice in this instance, as he was in "Wickford Point"—but their spiritual bankruptcy is so appalling as to incite the wrath of the present spiritual ruler of Boston, the modern exemplar of the great Puritan divines who made Boston a theocratic capital. Cardinal O'Connell and Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards would not agree on theology, but they might well agree on the Pulhams. The men who in founding Harvard College wrote thus magnificently of their purpose:

> After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, rear'd convenient places for Gods worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust.

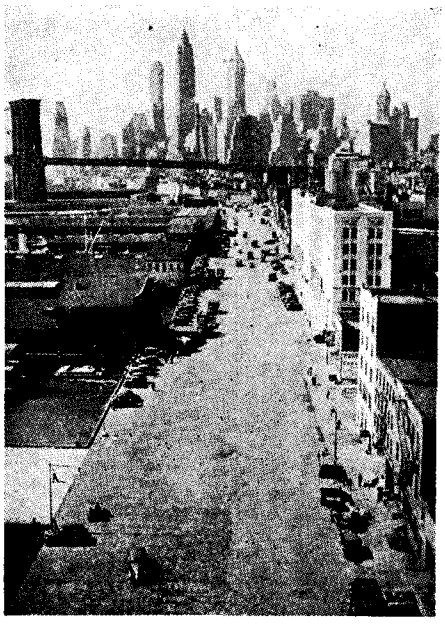
and those who, a century and a half later, were still so firm in their faith that they thus bitterly hymned the first heating of the Old South Church in Boston:

> Extinct the sacred fires of love,
> Our zeal grown cold and dead,
> *In the house of God we fix a stove*
> To warm us in their stead.

—such men as these would be as dismayed and outraged by the Pulhams as the ripe fruits of the civilization they planted as the Catholic Cardinal, who has no stake in the matter save that he, too, is a Bostonian and a leader of the modern ruling class there.

Mr. Marquand is a writer of the American Athens's—Alexandrian age. The glory that was Boston has gone forever—no more definite end to the great era could be found than the passing of the *Boston Evening Transcript,* whose readers—Apleys, Brills, and Pulhams—once swayed in the wind like a field of ripe corn as their births, marriages, and deaths were suitably recorded in that unique journal. The power and the glory of the Athens of America have long been gone to New York, the modern Rome. Bit by bit Boston has sunk from its eminence as the intellectual arsenal of America to its present status as a provincial center whose whilom greatness is rediscovered with pleased surprise by the antiquarian-minded and by the offspring of those Bostonians who went to New York or to the West a generation or so ago. The process started when the flowering of New England

(*Continued on page* 14)



"The power and the glory . . . have long been gone to New York. . . ."

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Mr. Taft's Papers

LEGAL MISCELLANIES. Six Decades of Changes and Progress. By Henry W. Taft. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 218 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

LIKE certain other good American essayists, Henry W. Taft writes too little, possibly because he has devoted a good part of his long life to being an extremely busy lawyer. But occasionally he assembles enough material for a book, and now, at eighty-two, he has done so again. The book is a random assortment of papers with the covering title "Legal Miscellanies," and it is very good. I regret to say that Mr. Taft's fellow-lawyers will constitute his chief audience on this occasion, for the author's favorite theme, an improved leadership of the bar, which recurs continually and gives the book its flavor, is admittedly a special one. My regret derives from the fact that there is in Mr. Taft's work a reasonableness of thought and a precision of expression that are in themselves admirable. Civilized prose is not yet a surplus commodity. Non-lawyers who combine an interest in the general field of law with a fondness for expository writing of a superior order will perhaps afford Mr. Taft a second audience. At least, one hopes so.

In his preface Mr. Taft says, taking a leaf from Disraeli, "I hope that what I have written may entitle me to be classified, not as a Pedant, but as a Miscellanist, 'since Pedants will always be read by Pedants, and the Miscellanists by the tasteful, the volatile, and the amiable.'" This disclaimer, which Christopher Morley must surely have been hoarding for his own use one day, is Mr. Taft's modest way of saying that he does not propose to write an autobiography nor yet a history of the New York bar, but a series of good-tempered, digressive essays seasoned, at least, with these ingredients.

Of the thirteen chapters, the ones I like best are "Procedure in the Courts," "Law and the Sciences," "The Anti-Trust Law," and "The Bar of New York and Some of its Leaders in the Past." A chapter called "Jewish Lawyers in New York," statistical rather than emotional, is an interesting recapitulation of surveys that bar associations have conducted among their memberships, and Gentile and Jewish lawyers alike will approve of the manner in which the material is handled. Another, "Will Making," is an entertaining compendium of legal trifling distinctions and other quiddities, accompanied by Mr. Taft's tart and instructive observations.

Delar

Henry W. Taft

"Legal Miscellanies" is the first book to quote generously from the recent "Holmes-Pollock Letters." I take it as further evidence of the classic quality of that correspondence that Mr. Taft, instead of using passages that the first commentators happily declared would be historic, borrows others, which stand up equally well. It is refreshing to find that while Mr. Taft peppers his text with many excellent quotations from this and other sources, he has an aversion to footnotes and includes relatively few. "Legal Miscellanies" is a first-rate illustration of how easily material ordinarily footnoted (almost always, in fact, in works of this sort) can be woven into the main matter of a book if the author will take the trouble to operate his loom properly. To Mr. Taft, as to Frank Sullivan, a footnote is not a lovesome thing. This reviewer is grateful.

James Reid Parker is the author of "Academic Procession" and "Attorneys At Law," the latter forthcoming in September.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Browning: "Home Thoughts from Abroad."
2. Bryant: "Thanatopsis."
3. Byron: "The Prisoner of Chillon."
4. Chaucer: "The Canterbury Tales."
5. Coleridge: "Christabel."
6. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
7. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village."
8. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
9. Henley: "Invictus."
10. Keats: "Endymion."

Texas Cattle

THE LONGHORNS. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 388 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

BY its title "The Longhorns" might be a hard-riding "Western" of the cow country. In large measure so it is, but with Mr. Dobie as the producer we are assured of a theme more substantial than one of fiction: another work by him in his established field of Southwestern lore, exploring again a regional past become legendary. This present contribution is the history, done by phases, of the valiant old-time Texas Longhorn cattle, the foundation of the beef business in the West, and the nubbin of the romance connected with it; and, naturally, of the practices of those other valiants, pioneer settlers, and riders of brush and trial who experienced the pecularities of the brutes.

These rangy Longhorns which, with their spread of four, six, even eight feet of needle-sharp tips, were the animals that, in the period of the great beef drives north, early thronged the trails. By Mr. Dobie's account they were descendants of the "black cattle," the Moorish fierce, sharp-horned, bull-ring stock, introduced into the Southwest by the Spaniard from Mexico; and of the subsequent domestic cattle brought into Texas by the immigrating settlers from the United States.

The "black cattle" as transported and as escaped from custody or abandoned to the marauding Indians took to the brush and multiplied prodigiously; the Texas domestic cattle mingled with them; the milder strain was eclipsed. The result was a distinct breed, the Longhorn, an animal exemplifying the survival of the fittest: one built to cruise a wild and treacherous land, and by ready adaptation to environments enabled to exact not only tolerance but the tribute of a living from it.

These Longhorns—of which a few, like the buffalo, are maintained upon preserves—not only served the whites of Southwest ranch and range as the buffalo did the plains Indians, but they comprised a commercial proposition on a large scale. Onward from its expository opening, Mr. Dobie's chronicle is a story as active as any Western fiction, for by his own knowledge of the things that were, and by the testimony of men who rode with rope and gun, he presents a prodigal assortment of news and information upon the habits and the handling (at discretion) of those unfenced, Longhorn millions.

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Words into Meaning

SEMANTICS: The Nature of Words and Their Meaning. By Hugh Walpole. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1941. 264 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST RICHARD MOORE

WITH the publication of Mr. Walpole's book on semantics, this young discipline is brought anew to the attention of the general reader and the student. Since C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards wrote their famous work on the meaning of words, many writers have taken hold of the subject and tried to popularize its teachings. They failed, by and large, because their grasp was not as strong as their purpose. Walpole, fortunately, comes better prepared for the task. He has long been associated with the Orthological Institute headed by Ogden in Cambridge, England, and, in addition, has for his guidance the practical experience of teaching languages in this country and in Canada. More, then, can be expected of him.

Owing its existence to the works of Ogden and Richards, as the author frankly admits, "Semantics" offers little new material. However, "The Meaning of Meaning" and other relevant works on how words come to have significance are presented here in a needed simplification. The special senses of sign, symbol, and context are explored, the routes of definition defined, and the metaphor unravelled. The familiar triangle of reference serves to make clear the central processes in referential language, wherein a word is the sign of a thought making reference to a thing.

In his chapter on Fictions, Walpole revives old solutions and makes them more effective by introducing a new kind of English to deal with abstractions. Jeremy Bentham, more than a hundred years ago, as Ogden has shown elsewhere, had discovered satisfactory ways of dealing with such fictions as "beauty," "democracy," "as," and so on. One, the less feasible, he called "archtypation," which consisted of finding a typical and lucid experience taken from reality to exemplify the core meaning of the abstract word in question. The other, more practical, got at the meaning of the fiction through restatement in simple language. The question arises as to how we can accurately determine whether the language of translation is any simpler (that is, freer from misleading fictions) than standard English. The answer, in part at least, is given by Basic English, which Walpole presents as an easily acquired supplementary tongue. This primary language suggested by Bentham and worked out by C. K. Ogden, not only makes possible the translation of all other words in the English language, but also, because of its limited grammar and vocabulary (850 basic English words and certain derivatives) permits a close scrutiny and familiarity with the terms of definition. Basic English, hailed before the present World War as an ideal international language, at present employed as an introductory step in the teaching of fuller English, may, with the enthusiastic propagation of the Ogden-Richards school, conceivably reach the philosophers and provide them with a language by means of which they can keep in common touch with the people. Meanwhile, the people best can employ it to explode the fictions of false prophets.

The worth of Walpole's book lies in his simple presentation of a hitherto abstruse subject. By simple is not meant easy. An admirable feature of the book is the opportunity afforded for thinking the various aspects of semantics through to agreement or to opposition. Richards rightly remarks, in his introduction to the book, that the reader's gain is in the processes to which he is stirred and not in any product served to him.

Whether one agrees with Hugh Walpole or not about the many benefits which the study of semantics entails —we ascribe his overstatements to the enthusiasm of a good teacher—it must be admitted that he makes theoretical considerations have practical outcomes and that he makes his meanings clear. That this can be said of a semantician is no little praise for the method he employs.

Ernest Richard Moore is a member of the Department of English at the University of North Carolina.

Esthetic Experience

THE NEW CRITICISM. By John Crowe Ransom. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. 1941. 339 *pp. with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

JOHN CROWE RANSOM has written a provocative and useful, if not completely satisfactory, book about "The New Criticism." What is old and what is new in criticism he nowhere tells us explicitly, but he makes us feel before he is through that the new criticism is distinguished by its attempt, with the aid of psychology, to make an extremely intimate analysis of the nature of esthetic experience and of the technique of producing such experience. This newness he tries to bring home to the reader by reviewing and evaluating the work of four of his contemporaries, I. A. Richards, T. S. Eliot, Yvor Winters, and William Empson. In a last chapter, entitled "Wanted: An Ontological Critic," he advertises for his man without final success and must temporarily (and modestly) fill the position himself.

The author takes I. A. Richards as the type of "psychological critic." He grants that Richards has been a beneficial agent in the liberation of criticism from purely factual considerations, but he cannot be wholly at ease with an "anti-intellectual esthetician" who so readily assents to the virtual separation of the emotional from the cognitive elements in esthetic experience. T. S. Eliot comforts the author by his lucid statement of the connections between esthetics and the history of criticism. Yet Mr. Ransom cannot hold with Eliot's merging of thought and feeling into a "single unified experience." The two must exist together but may be viewed separately: that seems to be Mr. Ransom's view. For, finally, Mr. Ransom "can see no necessity for waiving the intellectual standards on behalf of poets. . . . If Shelley's argument is foolish, it makes his poetry foolish." In Yvor Winters, who seems temperamentally more congenial to the author, he finds a dubious insistence upon "moralism" but a wholesome emphasis upon "logical structure." William Empson is represented as an extraordinarily acute critic whose treatment of "ambiguity" seems revolutionary to Mr. Ransom.

All the matters which fall under consideration in this book are, to use the author's phrase, "copiously discussible." One must add that in the present volume they are not always readily assimilable. The reasons are two. First, Mr. Ransom attempts not a treatise but a series of essays. Second, the author's statements, though often intuitively shrewd, are not sufficiently clear and coherent. The book has an air of charming but somewhat indolent improvisation; it sheds a good deal of light but fails to focus it. Its value lies not in its judgments, which are sometimes extravagant and erratic, but in its many fine aperçus and in various unallocated comments on the poetic method. As always, Mr. Ransom here proves himself a sensitive student of poetry.

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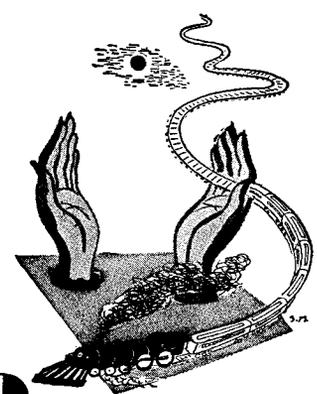
TALES OF TWO CITIES

(*Continued from page* 11)

was in full blossom, for many of the little band of Transcendentalist dreamers went to New York when Brook Farm broke up in 1847: George Ripley, the socialist minister, to succeed Margaret Fuller as literary editor of Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, Charles Dana of Cambridge to become Dana of *The Sun*, George William Curtis to become a pillar of *Harper's Magazine*, Isaac Hecker to found the Paulist Fathers, Francis Shaw to rebuild Brook Farm in the North American Phalanx at Redbank. The reorientation brought about by the Civil War and the rapid unfolding of the West gave New York the financial and intellectual leadership that had been Boston's, and the old city on the Charles lost its best blood to the new centers and the frontier. In the years that followed, the life of the Hub waned away, though its great literary tradition was as long in dying as any tough, tenacious Yankee, and barbarians like Mark Twain and William Dean Howells came from the West to pay tribute to that singularly long-lived group of great men of letters who still met together amid the fading glories of their town. But save in the work of Francis Parkman, who was sheltered by wealth and ill health from experiencing the change, the strength died out of Boston letters and a feeble elegaic note came to characterize it. Its great men lived much of their lives elsewhere and the young Bostonians—or at least those who had vitality enough to rebel against the crumbling mold—found their opportunities in New York or Washington or the West. And even the oldsters developed a taste for the uneasy delights of the new metropolis.

This great historic process is evident in the role that New York plays in Mr. Marquand's Boston books, though only Mr. John Chamberlain has given it critical recognition in his assertation that "H. M. Pulham, Esq." is "a tale of two cities." George Apley's son John went to New York and stayed there, and George Apley himself, after he had recovered from his heartbreak at this desertion of the *lares et penates* came to relish his occasional expeditions to the wicked metropolis. The Brills spent their winters in New York, and Jim Calder made the living there which kept Wickford Point half-alive. And Harry Pulham also felt the pull of New York and might not have become H. M. Pulham, Esq., if he had had the guts to break away from Boston—and if St. Swithins had not succeeded so well in training him to play the game according to the old rules without questioning them. Harry's one post-war year in the advertising business in New York remains in his mind as the best of his life since he left the safe little worlds of St. Swithin's and Harvard. A glimpse of Marvin Myles, the girl he almost married then, a visit from Bill King, his bitter bright boy New York friend, are enough to wake those memories and bring them back glittering and enticing, while his Boston life becomes more hopelessly dull, grey, and unappetizing by contrast. For Harry, as for Jim Calder and John Apley, Boston is a place where one exists greyly in accordance with the tenets of the immutable tribal law and New York is where one lives gloriously as one would or as fate decrees. The Boston world is snug, safe, and stable; New York exciting, dangerous, ever changing. Yet all three characters—and seemingly Mr. Marquand himself—have a weakness for the Boston way of life which they condemn, but in which they are too deeply rooted ever to escape its influence entirely. The old town has a hold on them which they cannot break even if in their innermost heart they would, and Mr. Marquand, having written the finest Boston novel of our day in "George Apley," is unable to leave off flogging the dead horse. It is clear that intellectually New York is admirable to Mr. Marquand and Boston reprehensible and foolish, but there is an emotional difficulty: Mr. Marquand still likes Boston better than New York. The curious combination of satire and apologia which characterizes Mr. Marquand's tales of two cities, and which makes them so richly rewarding to the reader who knows both cities, is the result of this unresolved conflict of intellect and emotion. And since Boston has left an indelible mark on American life and New York is leaving a still more indelible one, Mr. Marquand is not to be dismissed summarily as a minor novelist or his Boston books as mere entertainment.



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BOOKWORM INTO NATURALIST

(*Continued from page* 4)

And like a firmament slowly broke over me the grandeur of a system where every oak puts down its roots eternal and unshakable, yes, and every transient flower. Like stars, I saw, each plant, perhaps each animal, had not only its place but its relation with all others, its measurable distances from them, as if, in evolution's slow tremendous course, all exerted pulls of varying strength upon the others. Species and genus and family, class and subkingdom and kingdom glittered, still dimly, in that infinity. This, with the breath of lilac in my nostrils, the watchman's rattle of a flicker calling after me, was Nature. I closed the book, and walked away from the old address that I would never give again. I had no other, but I had at least a new sense of direction overhead, astronomically sure, and spreading over all the living earth.

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Flotsam of War

TODAY'S REFUGEES, TOMORROW'S CITIZENS. By Gerhart Saenger. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 286 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

A SAMPLE survey recently made of slightly more than 300 business enterprises initiated by refugees in this country showed that seventy-five per cent of the 2700 workers there employed, or 2000, were Americans. This significant fact could well be made the lens through which "Today's Refugees, Tomorrow's Citizens" was written. The volume dispels all charges of job losses to our citizens, or of added demands on our philanthropies because of the admission of recent refugees to the United States. The study confines itself only to the German, and German-dominated groups, and is so sucessfully treated as a human document that layman and social scientist alike will find its pages well worth the reading.

The volume is based on the material found in a series of case studies made under the direction of Dr. Saenger. It shows a comprehensive grasp and treatment of the problems that have developed within the individual refugees, the refugees as a group, and the American communities in which they have settled. This is no wearying, statistical presentation but rather one that makes interesting reading because of its analysis. Here, upon these pages, appears that nebulous group known as "Here-but-for-the-grace-of-God,-go-I." Their trials, their efforts, at the same time, to be themselves and one of us, their contributions, and their shortcomings are laid objectively on Dr. Saenger's dissecting table for analysis and evaluation. In that process much is brought to light that is frank; there is none of the disingenuous in his appraisal or observation. One comes across much that could be submitted to Americans for consideration, such as, the interesting study of life in our democracy. From the book there emerges the recognition that the refugees "are well and badly reared, honest and dishonest, aggressive and submissive . . . just as there are similar types to be found among Americans."

Dr. Saenger, however, strains at logic when he attempts to draw a parallel between former waves of immigration and the present one of which he writes. When one studies the respective types and problems: this newer wave with its cultural background which it sets up as a standard, as contrasted with the former waves that sought eagerly to prove their quick (and superficial) assimilation; this group of refugees with its arrogance so well described and so well explained by the author, and the earlier immigrants who crept within their own shells because of their sense of inferiority and humbleness; these Germans and Czechs and others whose vocational and professional training spelled rich contributions to America along creative and inventive lines, and those former ones that were blacked out in the menial and manual tasks that later were to be taken over by the machine under mass production—then one realizes that these scarcely allow for parallelism or like treatment.

Nonetheless this is a thorough study that shows painstaking care and thought. It sets forth the refugee as a personality which, in the light of his background, his growth, and his sense of independence makes him deserving of being measured and appraised by norms different from those generally assigned to foreigners, immigrants, or aliens. Restrictionists have long pleaded for selection in immigration; now that they have achieved that, they fail to realize the fallacy in discussing the political, economic, and social results of the admission of these refugees in terms of the old.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE GRIEVING MONKEY *Virginia Purdue* (Crime Club: $2.)	Eleanora Burke, asst. to Cal. dist. att., asked to investigate demise of monkey, encounters killer who aims higher in Darwinian scale.	Tangled love-affairs, subversive plots, and general cussedness keep story rolling rapidly, with buxom Burke doing convincing and efficient job.	Above average
DEATH BREAKS THE RING *Virginia Rath* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders by knife and gun at ranch dance and in San Francisco mansion investigated by Mike Dundas and helpful wife Valerie.	Suave *couturier* sleuth's attention to tiny clues and clever analysis of emotions give distinction to plausible and well-written yarn.	Agreeable
OUT OF IT ALL *Charles Saxby* (Dutton's: $2.)	Young film star vanishes after spectacular Hollywood personal appearance, and, with gal companion, has hair-raising adventures on land and sea.	Naive but likeable youngster busts totalitarian plot, saves heiress, and wins sweetheart in fast, furious, and fantastic melodrama.	Exciting
JUSTICE BE DAMNED *A. R. Hilliard* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Manhattan mobster unearths evidence that reopens up-state murder case, causes another death, and brings whole affair to startling finish.	Good court-room stuff, hair-trigger action, and highly original denouement—with character who pulls strings pretty easy to spot.	Admirable
THE CORPSE CAME CALLING *Clinton Bestor* (Phoenix: $2.)	Girl found murdered in dance hall, and taken to morgue, later walks into friend's boudoir and is killed for keeps.	Private operative and luscious red-head keep story moving through scenes that strain credulity to cracking point.	10-20-30

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THE NEW BOOKS

Belles Lettres

THE BACHELOR LIFE. By George Jean Nathan. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 262 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a sapient, often sparkling, and always wholly engaging dissertation not, of course, on the bachelor life—Mr. Nathan is too much of a philosopher so to limit his field—but on life in general and social life in particular. It is the Compleat handbook on The Art of Keeping Out of Trouble. Included is a catalogue of the pitfalls that await the unwary male, especially if he be single. There are hugely diverting essays—little masterpieces of wit and wisdom—on the more excruciating forms of torture devised by modern civilization: the cocktail party, the formal dinner, the cruise, winter sports, air-conditioned theatres, hangover cures ("the only safe recommendation for a hangover is to keep tight all the time"), canapes, mixed drinks, and whatnot.

This book, so Mr. Nathan informs his publishers on the jacket, is not so frivolous as people may believe. The gossip columnists have confirmed this statement with reports that "The Bachelor Life" has already driven several confirmed New York bachelors to commit hasty matrimony. That may or may not be slander. But a careful reading does disclose much sound sense in Mr. Nathan's pleasant waggeries. There is a danger, in fact, that so much good advice may terrify the notice into becoming a recluse and shunning all forms of social intercourse as he would leprosy. Fortunately Mr. Nathan's cheerfulness keeps breaking in and the afore-mentioned risk is well worth taking. "The Bachelor Life" is a vintage product, a most timely Springtime offering.

C. J. R.

Fiction

HOME IS HERE. By Sidney Meller. Macmillan. 1941. 405 *pp.* $2.50.

This tender, sympathetic tale of the Dorelli family emigrating from Italy to get a foothold in America is more than a local color story of romantic Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. Although Mr. Meller charmingly describes the frequent bickerings, fiestas, and love of life of an Italian immigrant family, he has the greater and more subtle purpose of showing how an American is made. When Alano Dorelli and his wife Lucia settle in San Francisco they are delighted that there is no guard to spy upon them, no drought, and no fear of starvation, but they still live with one foot in Lombardy. Little by little they become accustomed to American ways, discover the injustices as well as the privileges of American life, and find here not only the negation of European evils but positive virtues. They learn that America is not a finished nation in which wrongs are so rooted as to be unchangeable, and the Dorellis hope and scheme to stop the rich owner of a sandstone quarry from the illegal blasting that threatens the safety of their crag-perched home. Sometimes they contemplate returning to Italy but, realizing they are becoming Americans and America is becoming better, they stay to fight on their own plot of land for liberty, justice, and equality. It is this fight that lifts this pleasant idyll of Italian immigrants into a meaningful novel for all Americans.

J. D. H.

NO HOMEWARD COURSE. By Walter Havighust. Doubleday, Doran. 1941. 295 *pp.* $2.

Sylvia Porter has remarked with some acidity that war fiction normally offers the reader a Hobson's choice between "Men in War" and "If Winter Comes"—between slush and horrors seven times natural size. As a general criticism the remark is just, but there are exceptions and this seems to be one of them.

It is definitely on the popular side, almost the lending-library side, with a boy-and-girl background for the plot and a fustian villain. Boy and Girl meet aboard a German raider which has knocked off the British-flag ships that were carrying them; and the naval atmosphere aboard the raider is at time somewhat Ruritanian.

But when the concessions to convention are exhausted, the rest is good honest writing by a man who is said in the blurb to know the sea, but who start to finish: patience, fidelity, a deserate grasping at small and incidental beauties, a growing sense of fighting the good and losing fight. Philip, her husband, is less comprehensible. She speaks of him always with love and understanding, yet he shapes up quite weakly, a man of stubborn egotism, who has never the slightest notion of what his wife is thinking or doing. He is an artist who had to give up his art and become a minister, a minister who shirks his professional duties to turn in upon himself and draw bitter little sketches on the sly. The whole thing is rather a study in quiet frustration, a minor work quite perfectly done inside of its conscious limitations.

N. L. R.

RECKON WITH THE RIVER. By Clark McMeekin. Appleton-Century. 1941. 392 *pp.* $2.50.

Clark McMeekin, the pen name of the two women who last year wrote "Show Me a Land," is signed to another lusty yarn which ought to win as many readers as its predecessor. Just as pure adventure the story is a fine one, carrying the reader along through a rich, racy plot about a search for lost mines and Spanish treasure, flatboating on the Ohio River, and the grandiose schemes of Burr and Wilkinson to found their empire.

Dominating the entire book is the full-bodied character of Ma'am Cambrin, eighty years old and thought ready to die on page one. By chance she discovers that her "almost brother" Chief Joseph Brant has given her a birchbark map and a claim to an island in the Ohio, and this revives all the gusto that she had known as a beloved child captive of the Indians. Directing and inspiring her whole family, Ma'am settles during the winter of 1805 on flatboat by the Monongahela river town Redstone until spring will allow them to start on their journey. Always there is Ma'am to inspire courage even after she loses the money set aside for the trip and the map that forms its reason for being. Thriving on the adventures and tragedies she meets, Ma'am cannot explain to the others, that it is not the silver that is the real excitement for her. This treasure is just an excuse for continuing to live a full and long life. She goes on with gusto to "feather up" her family, meet on their own ground such frontier figures as Mike Fink, and outshine such splendid schemers as Burr and Wilkinson. She is a fine character but the authors let her run away with the book. Everything pales by comparison with her. Even the plot, sustained by her vitality through most of the novel, runs thin at the end when she no

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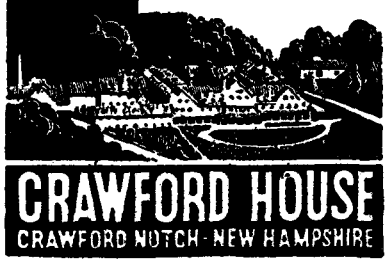

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longer leads but sees them settled in terms of the family she has aroused. The last chapters with the unduly fortuitous recovery of the map, the happy mating of the various lovers, and the negligible discovery of the treasure island, all shift away from adventure to the quiet contentment of Ma'am at finding "strength, new life, backbone, seed for the sowing" in her descendants.

J. D. H.

History

SIXTY YEARS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS. By George Dewey Harmon. University of North Carolina Press. 1941. 428 *pp., with bibliography, appendices, and index.* $5.

This is an excellent history and reference book of our Indian policy from the American Revolution to 1850. Invaluable for students and historians, it is clearly and smoothly written and backed with an unusual richness of source material. It is an important contribution to the early history of the United States as well as of the Indian.

O. La F.

Miscellaneous

OF MEN AND WOMEN. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. 1941. 203 *pp.* $2.

In this interesting volume of essays the versatile winner of the Nobel Prize continues her study of the American scene. She inquires into the reasons for "the general discontent of our women and the marked lack of enjoyment between men and women," and concludes "that complete freedom is the atmosphere in which men and women can live together most happily."

Pearl Buck brings a fresh interpretation to the problem by contrasting family and sex relationships in China and the United States. This is rather fruitless, however, for it merely contrasts a surviving form of feudal familism with modern society. These differences are obvious in the history of any country and prove little for the future with which the author is earnestly concerned. Mrs. Buck's penetrating powers of observation and her intuitive understanding of sociological problems are excellent, but she fails to explain that the increasingly unhappy relationships between men and women in America today are only one phase of the general disintegration of our traditional social and economic structure, and cannot be solved independently. She tends to brush aside economic factors, stating that "a widespread feeling of insecurity, for instance, commonly attributed to economic causes, is, I believe, far more to be ascribed to the deep emotional insecurity of men and women in each other."

It is good to find Pearl Buck turning her able pen toward an analysis of present-day social problems. Though she does not offer any specific workable program for the future rebuilding of marriage and of the basic position of women in society, her sympathies are all in a progressive direction and her conclusions are sound. She opposes the Fascist idea and also remarks that "no country is a true democracy whose women have not an equal share in life with men, and until we realize this we shall never achieve a real democracy on this earth." She does not take a narrow feminist viewpoint, but believes there must be more cooperation and less antagonism between men and women not only in managing the home but in business and the professions.

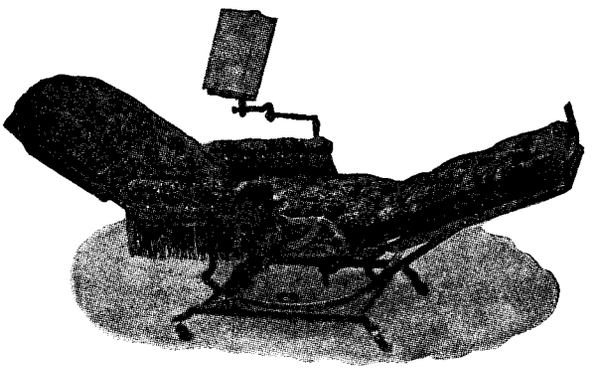
P. S.

THE CHILD SPEAKS. By Jacob Panken. Holt. 1941. 345 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Out of his long experience in the Children's Court of Manhattan, Judge Panken has written a book on juvenile delinquency which all parents should read. Judge Panken's point of departure is the child before he has committed a criminal act, not after.

His book opens with a discussion of factors responsible for delinquency. Among these he believes that feelings of emotional insecurity play no less a part than economic disadvantages; a large percentage of the children who find their way to court come from homes that are poverty-stricken in no sense except the spiritual one.

Panken has become known as the judge who often sends little scamps to the library instead of the reformatory. Holding that where it is impossible to change the environment, it is still possible to find, in books, a healthy world for the child who needs one, he enjoins the children to write to him about what they have read, and by replying to their letters with scrupulous



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regard to each as an individual he gives each child the feeling that some powerful person is interested in his personal welfare.

More than half of the book is given over to case histories from the files of the Children's Court—fascinating stories as absorbing and as stimulating as any fiction. Some of them are presented, however, in too skimpy a fashion; the book would have benefited had there been fewer case histories with a consequent allotment of more space to each one.

M. H.

DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAS. By André Chéradame. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 304 *pp.* $3.

Wars and rumors of wars produce books from André Chéradame with the same regularity that clouds produce rain; and the simile is exact in another respect as well, for the books are as consistent in their character as the precipitation. They are all concerned with a gigantic plot (his word) in which the entire German nation has been engaged for half a century, object: world dominion. Every German official act has been directed toward this objective, though sometimes down an extremely long oblique; and each new book is devoted to explaining the current development of the monstrous conspiracy.

The latest addendum is that the plot is now directed against the United States. We're going to be submitted to a gigantic sabotage campaign and invaded by German troops, which will be borne to these shores in a fleet of transport submarines and supported by the *Luftwaffe.* In the face of the conviction with which this extraordinary theory is set forth, it seems almost idle to point out that the normal large submarine carries only about fifty men, all of whom are required to work her complex machinery; and that it would take 10,000 of them to land an effective army of invasion, which would even then consist of the sailors.

But it is with regard to the sabotage campaign that M. Chéradame makes his chief contribution to literature, which is the exhibition of modern polemic method. The section opens with an alarming quotation from Martin Dies on the number of German saboteurs in Detroit; declares acts of sabotage have already taken place; lists all the suspicious fires, explosions, and accidents in American defense industries during a calendar year, and closes with a quotation from a *New York Herald-Tribune* editorial to the effect that their regularity suggests Teutonic method. In the next section of the book it is assumed that fact of the sabotage campaign has been proved, and we push ahead on something else.

Anyone who swallows a work like this deserves to be condemned to read the unabridged speeches of Senator Burton K. Wheeler.

F. P.

TRADE WINDS

REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS PAST: Among the fascinating literary adventures is an occasional excursion back to the nostalgic pages of an old literary journal. There is thrill and excitement in thumbing the pages of *The Bookman, A Literary Journal,* Vol. 1, No. 1, February, 1895, and noting the special supplement, devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson, who died on December 3rd, 1894. Led by a long poem by J. M. Barrie and tributes by S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, the supplement reminds us of the tremendous popularity that Stevenson enjoyed throughout the world. Fifty years ago this famous Scottish writer was beloved by all, and the tribute paid by Crockett is one of the most heart-warming we've read.

★ ★

☞What holds the interest of the reader is the lengthy and, presumably, scholarly reviews. Harry Thurston Peck was a man of erudition and a critic of renown. But we cannot help being somewhat amazed and amused at his review of Stephen Crane's book of verse, "The Black Rider, and Other Lines." Says Mr. Peck: "Mr. Stephen Crane is the Aubrey Beardsley of poetry . . . In fact, if Walt Whitman had been caught young and subjected to aesthetic influences, it is likely that he would have mellowed his barbaric yawp to some such note as that which sounds in the poems that are now before us." Time adjusts and records the permanency of writers, ideas, poetry, inventions and fables.

★ ★

☞The comparison is interesting in light of the facts as they are today. The most undistinguished contributions of Crane are his verse. And of course it is needless to present a defense for Walt Whitman. The gentle critics of the "gay nineties" still harbored much resentment and hate for old Walt even three years after his admission to Valhalla. ☞While the days continue hot and the spirit reminiscent we note a contribution by an unnamed American writer a half-century ago who selects the best twenty books for boys. We record and endorse his choices here:

Westward Ho, Ivanhoe, Phaeton Rogers, Treasure Island, The Spy, Tale of Two Cities, Hoosier Schoolmaster, Hans Brinker, The Prince and the Pauper, Tales from Shakespeare, Boy's Froissart, Wreck of the Grosvenor, Henry Esmond, Silas Marner, Ben Hur, Two Years Before the Mast, St. George and St. Michael, The Wonder Book, Historic Boys, Little Women.

☞Our only reservations concerning this list is the paucity of Mark Twain, who has only one book. Why the omission of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer"? Were the impish pranks of Tom and Huck improper exploits to set before the boys in the 'nineties? We wonder, too, how many of today's lads read "Westward Ho" or Lanier's "Boy's Froissart"?

★ ★

☞This brings to mind a purely speculative question: How popular is Lindbergh's "We" today? This is a tale of vigor and adventure, a story of courage and determination. Both old and young in 1927 read the exciting journey of Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Lindy, beyond all doubt, rested deep in the affections of American boyhood. He moved in the realms of such immortals as Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb. He quickly passed them. As the years rolled by and Lindy became Charles A. Lindbergh, political partisan and polemicist, we wonder whether the nation's youth still remember him only as the adventurous hero.

★ ★

☞A hundred years ago, *The Idler and Breakfast Table Companion* was "A Fashionable Journal of Literature, Fine Arts," etc. Charles Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" was being serialized and certain publishers of that day immediately began to plagiarize the work. *The Idler,* in calling attention to this fact, says:

"The Penny Pickwick. Edited by Bos. Illustrated by Phis. (Lloyd).

"We notice this contemptible publication with a view to call the attention to Mr. Dickens and his worthy publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to the fact of its existence; and also to caution the unwary against being made the dupes of so base an artifice. The plan of the work is precisely similar to the *genuine* publication, and the names of the characters introduced are only literally altered. For instance, Mr. Tupman is rechristened Tup*nall;* Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Snod*green;* Mr. Winkle, Mr. Winkle*top,* etc., etc. This vile act of plagiarism requires summary punishment; and however low-bred and base-born the person who practices it may be, still he should be made to feel the power of the strong arm of the law. The publication being infamously printed, and therefore unlikely to sell among persons of discernment, will be no fitting excuse for Mr. Lloyd; nor can he readily get over the substitution of the word Bos for *Boz;* or Phis for Phiz."

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

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1-N	2-M	3-U	4-X	5-B	6-S	7-E	8-V		9-Z	10-X	11-O	12-C	13-K	14-B	15-H	16-A
	17-U	18-M	19-P	20-W	21-E		22-P	23-F	24-L		25-M	26-E	27-H	28-P	29-U	30-W
	31-Y	32-Q	33-L	34-R	35-S	36-M	37-H	38-P		39-W	40-S	41-D	42-I		43-T	44-O
	45-B	46-J	47-V	48-C	49-W	50-H	51-R	52-N		53-B	54-Z	55-O		56-X	57-O	58-S
59-W	60-Z	61-N	62-E	63-I	64-V		65-P	66-C	67-U		68-Q	69-J	70-B	71-N	72-O	73-E
	74-O	75-S	76-W	77-R	78-N	79-I		80-I	81-L	82-G	83-V	84-K		85-Q	86-R	87-M
88-Z	89-W	90-Y	91-J		92-T	93-F		94-X	95-T	96-Z	97-O	98-Q		99-F	100-J	101-B
	102-S	103-I	104-O	105-W		106-P	107-T	108-G	109-B	110-Y	111-D		112-O	113-T		114-E
115-J	116-K	117-B		118-J	119-Y	120-F		121-M	122-U	123-Q	124-A	125-C	126-N		127-C	128-R
129-K		130-X	131-B	132-K	133-I	134-A	135-G		136-D	137-T		138-A	139-G	140-L	141-P	142-Y
143-J	144-H		145-A	146-W	147-J	148-T	149-I		150-Q	151-L	152-E	153-D	154-H	155-Y		156-C
157-D	158-J		159-X	160-E	161-F	162-Q	163-Z	164-P	165-A		166-R	167-X	168-O	169-J	170-D	171-N
	172-B	173-W	174-T	175-C		176-T	177-R	178-O		179-Q	180-F	181-V	182-N	183-G		184-K
185-X	186-C	187-F	188-E	189-V												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American clock manufacturer (1785-1859).
B. Lapped over each other in regular order (shingles, fish scales).
C. Preliminary sketch or model in clay or wax.
D. Father of Meleager who slew the Caledonian boar.
E. Largest of the Canary Islands.
F. Glassy, transparent (the sea).
G. Ferment, leaven (sb.)
H. Repeated tiresomely.
I. Vice-president of the U. S. (1877-81).
J. Twists and turns (3 wds.)
K. Old woman.
L. God of marriage (Gr.)
M. Crowd.
N. New England essayist and divine (1857-1927).
O. Hodgepodge (comp.)
P. Abject parasite or toady.
Q. Victim of social injustice; loser in any struggle.
R. American sculptor (1885-).
S. Magnate or grandee (Turkish).
T. Sounded by blowing (as a wind instrument).
U. Native of chain of islands between Alaska and Kamchatka.
V. Author of the poem "Dover Beach."
W. Discontinue business permanently (3 wds.)
X. Giving vent to intense feeling.
Y. Placed in a position to attract veneration.
Z. Aphoristic.

WORDS

134	165	124	138	16	145					
109	5	14	70	131	45	53	172	117	101	
175	156	48	12	66	127	186	125			
136	41	157	153	170	111					
62	21	188	26	160	7	114	152	73		
23	120	99	180	161	93	187				
183	82	139	135	108						
37	15	27	154	50	144					
80	133	42	63	149	79	103				
115	143	169	147	100	158	46	69	118	91	
132	184	84	13	129	116					
81	24	33	151	140						
87	121	18	2	36	25					
1	182	71	52	61	171	78	126			
97	57	11	74	72	44	178	168	112	55	104
65	28	106	141	38	164	19	22			
162	85	150	68	123	98	32	179			
34	86	177	51	128	77	166				
6	35	75	40	58	102					
92	113	137	148	176	43	107	95	174		
17	3	122	29	67						
8	64	47	181	83	189					
20	146	49	39	59	105	30	173	89	76	
10	167	185	94	4	130	56	159			
90	142	31	119	110	155					
60	54	96	163	88	9					

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